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Judge

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THE WAIL OF THE POOR LONE WIDOW.

WIDOW CURTIS—"He killed me child, but it was at the command of his party, and I love him still."

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

President - - - - W. J. ARKELL
Art Department - BERNHARD GILLAM
Editor - - - - I. M. GREGORY

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MR. BLAINE is in robust health himself; but his health isn't a circumstance to that of his millions of friends.

* * *

WOULD THE MONEY of Jay Gould hurt Judge Gresham if he were to run? Every dollar against him would give him a hundred votes.

* * *

G. CLEVELAND is the only boy at school who has the enticing apple, and perhaps if D. B. H. behaves himself he may get the core.

* * *

WHETHER HE runs or not, our little governor has a knife in his sleeve that runs from the wrist to the shoulder, and it is not to be used to bring blood from the hides of his open enemies.

* * *

THIS CLIMATE has four seasons, the same as heretofore—winter and winter and summer and summer.

* * *

BROTHER SHEPARD hopes to lead in both prayer and politics, but it is difficult to be the captain and run the mules too.

* * *

THE MEMORIAL NIGHT was that engineered by A. M. Palmer and Augustin Daly, and it was more than satisfactory to the chief of theatrical veterans. Give garlands to the hair of Wallack, and may it be long before there be garlands for his marble.

* * *

IF CHAUNCEY does run, what a magnificent record in behalf of labor the New York Central shows! There have been no strikes on that road; William H. distributed $100,000 to his army in 1877; and Chauncey and Cornelius are spending hundreds of thousands of dollars every year for the army's good in libraries and buildings—to say nothing of the great orator's eloquence at every inauguration of the generosity.

* * *

THE LATE LEGISLATURE passed a bill providing for a state weather bureau. This was wise. We have been too dependent on the nation for our weather, as the blizzard of last March testifies; and the doctrine of state rights is one that must and shall be preserved. Possibly we shall have other blizzards under state management; but if a locality must suffer or die it at least demands the privilege of doing so on its own responsibility.

ENCOURAGEMENT, AS IT IS.

PATIENT—"Do you think it is anything serious, doctor?"
PHYSICIAN—"Nothing but a slight lesion in the muscles of your back. Take that medicine and you'll be all right to-morrow."
PATIENT—"What makes you walk so funny, Doc?"
PHYSICIAN—"I've had a back-ache for three weeks."

WHAT IF THE GRAY HAD WON?

THE annual Memorial day is fading more and more into an historical remembrance. Years melt mourning into a memory. The brass bands and wavering procession, with weakening steps in the city streets; the fife and drum preceding the straggling veterans in the village bypaths, are gazed at by a new and gaping generation recently grown to manhood. To those who think at all the story of war is shaped simply into a chapter in history. The hurly-burly of a busy or the dullness of a drowsy life has wiped out with its tire or its twilight the turmoil and contention of the bygone years. Nature, as well as man, nods into forgetfulness. The fields furrowed with cannon-ball time has smoothed into meadows, and the yellow coverlit of the harvest is drawn over the graves of the dead. It is human to turn our eyes upward, not downward; forward, not back. The past is a shadow, the future is a promise. Yet is it not well sometimes, on such a day, to step out of the swift current that sweeping by carries the gaudy yacht and broken wreck alike out to sea. Is it not well for us, so apt to forget, likely to forget, without some such reminder, to pause and remember how much was done and won by those who a quarter of a century ago "builded better than they knew"? These shambling and broken "vets" are not classic. Their rough and scanty ranks grow thinner year by year, and those who so jauntily wore the gilt and the blue are donning, not the confederate, but the inevitable gray,

The great contest was waged on the one hand to dominate slavery and degrade labor to a similar level, and on the other to nationalize liberty, and make it not the gift, but the right of the race. It is to these men, gone and here, sneered at sometimes, often begrudged the pittance they receive, vetoed at, and scoffed at, that we owe our existence as a nation. It is these, and their comrades, who made an epoch in the history of the human race, and sent the sonorous music of our victorious cannon all round the world, and awakened an echo and a hope in the saddest corners of the earth. These men are not heroic to us, not heroic to themselves. The distance is not yet wide enough to measure rightly their work. Time will sanctify the army blue into as sacred a hue as the continental white and gray.

Now that peans and pains are forgotten; now that on all headstones, alike of victor and vanquished, flowers are strewn; now that the Mississippi flows unsevered through one, not two republics, unvexed to the sea; now that the Potomac is a bond, and not a boundary line, let us ponder on what would have been the result if Toombs had read the roll-call of his slaves from Bunker hill, and Lee, pressing successfully up the Cumberland, had smitten the heart of the north; if the semi-African and confederate form of civilization had beaten down the Anglo-Saxon. A divided republic, with a line of severance drawn across the continent, meant a broken credit, a bankrupt treasury, military cordons athwart the land, with menacing fortifications on either side, and watchful armies eating the heart of labor by military tax. Rival capitols at Richmond and Washington, a swarthy oligarchy on one side, a white republic on the other. If the south had been the absolute victor; if the Desdemona of liberty had been smothered by the jealous brave but barbaric Moor of the confederacy; if the constitution of the rebellion, written at Montgomery, had displaced that of the revolution, proclaimed at Philadelphia, free trade, which was its essence and inspiration, would have exposed to European leeches, manufacturers and capitalists every artery and vein in the land. What then? With a policy and purpose opposed to internal improvement, no continental or other railroad would have wrought the marriage ring of the Atlantic and Pacific seas. Our iron would have slept in the hill-side, our coal drowsed in its mines, and the babbling factory brooks gone on lazy and laughing between their moss-grown banks. It would have branded labor as servile rather than self-respecting, barred our coasts against the honest emigrant, and by its red light of degradation and danger made the United States to the worker as abhorrent as Brazil.

Verily Memorial day, streaked with shadow and sunshine, is the declaration day of a new era. In its hand the blood-stained flowers of many a battlefield are gathered into one chaplet, to garland the monument of a saved civilization.

J. A.

WHILE IT IS true that the free-trade party is for free trade, it must be admitted that it is profuse in its apologies for it.

* * *

TO LET the tariff alone just now is to ensure Democratic defeat, and to make it the main issue is to ensure Republican success.

* * *

THE DEVOTION of Governor Hill to that haystack of legislative bills is worthy of much praise; yet we cannot believe he is happy.

* * *

THE LEADERS of the Methodists are willing that women shall do all the work and they shall have all the glory, and that's what they call generosity.

* * *

MR. EDISON can make and preserve sound for all the world and the coming centuries, but can bring none to his own ears. What a happy man he would be if he could make this generosity begin at home!

AN UNSUCCESSFUL DIALOGUE.

Miss Jones—"What a delightfully cozy little nook this is, Colonel. Now I want you to entertain me with everything new."

Col. Smith (who is not a conversationalist)—"Well, -er-k-km-er, you see I've -er—I tell you what let's do. Let's have one of those dialogues you see in the satirical papers—we're pretty well arranged for it."

Miss Jones—"How entrancing! I'll be Mrs. Collingwood-Collington, and you Mr. Heik Ollarman, and we'll say something really scintillating and brilliant, and then tell about it afterwards."

Col. Smith—"Very well. By the way, if you'll move just a little so as to get the iridescence from those prisms off your shoulder it will be nicer. It gives you a sort of tattoed appearance. That's better."

Miss Jones—"Now that you speak of it, it will add to the composition of the picture if you look a little less serious and stop fumbling your watch chain. Now let's begin."

Mrs. Collingwood-Collington (suddenly materializing into Miss Jones again)—"What a charming bit of a high tea Mrs. Coylack gave on —— Colonel, if you are going to persist in staring at heaven through several feet of plaster and brick, I'm going to leave you. It is not fair to think up what you are going to say. It ought to be spontaneous."

Col. Smith—"Now my dear Miss — er, Mrs. Collington, you've spoiled it completely! I had something awfully sarcastic about 'lacking' something right on the tip of my tongue, but never mind;—(nervously, for fear of another lapse of memory) did you hear that Hoalstock had been asked to resign from his club?"

Mrs. Collingwood-Collington—"Why, no. I thought he was one of the governors!"

Mr. Heik Ollarman (appearing from blank canvas)—"He is of the Killikinicerbockers, but the cane—I mean the club—I am speaking of is that new cane he appeared with at the church of the Holy Incantation on Sunday. It frightened the children so that the wardens petitioned him to give it up."

Miss Jones—"Colonel Smith, Mr. Hoalstock is my cousin, and I think it hardly gentlemanly for you to comment on his taste in personal adornment!"

Col. Smith—"But I thought this was simply a society dialogue.

Miss Jones—"Why, so it is. I entirely forgot. I'm going to say something just as mean as I can think of now."

Mr. Heik Ollarman (emerging again)—"Spare me, won't you?"

Miss Jones—"That is just what I was going to do. Take me to mama, please."

J. S. G.

A FASTIDIOUS TRAVELER.

Boggs (on board Pullman sleeper, coming to his friend's berth at 11 A.M.)—"Not up yet, Jagley! I hope you're not ill?"

Jagley (despairingly)—"I cawn't leave this berth, deah boy, till the end of the twip. My twaveling-cap blew off on the pwairie lawst night, and I should pewish with shame to be seen on the twain bare-headed."

It takes the greatest botheration
To make our children rise in season;
And yet "the rising generation"
They're called. I wonder what's the reason?

HE HAD A GOOD NECK.

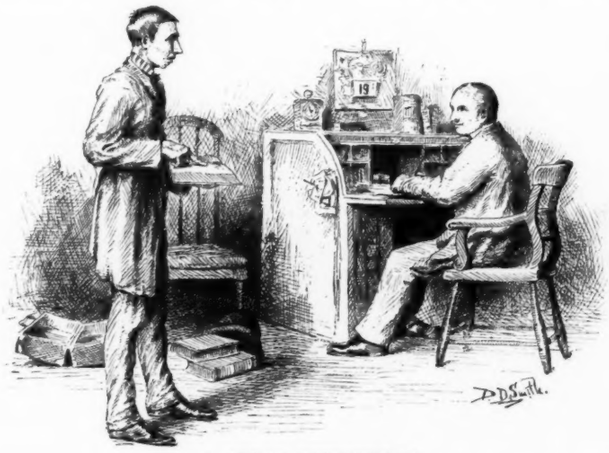
Leader of the mob—"Haul him up, boys. We'll see if he'll steal any more horses."

Gentleman-with-the-rope-around-his-neck (after hanging ten minutes)—"Boys, let up, will you? This rope tickles my throat. (After hanging ten minutes more)—Say, boys, quit yer foolin', will yer? I'm half an hour late for supper now."

BEYOND OUR CAPACITY.

Miss Highgrade—"So Mr. McAllister says we have only four hundred people in New York society. That seems very few in a population of two millions."

Mr. Loftitone—"It does. Still, we have much to be thankful for. Only fancy how it would be if our two millions contained four hundred McAllisters!"



A GREAT INDUCEMENT.

BOOK CANVASSER (*to merchant*)—"This yer is a cycloperdur like wot Cleveland used. No man never knows enough of nothink; but if he buys this book he will pronunciate an' grammerize as well as me. My larnin's a sample of its effects on a once ignorant man. Have one, boss?"

THE PARLOR'S FULL.

I CAME too late that Sunday night,
Which fact put all my hopes to flight.
The front-door bell I gave a pull:
"Is Miss Smith in?" "The parlor's full!"

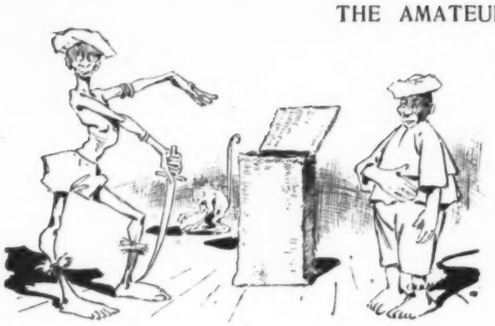
The maid, she winked and hid her face,
Which I perceived, and left the place;
For well I knew, and I could swear,
That only one young man was there.

But since then my experience shows
Girls sometimes like a change of beaux;
I've been with one when both allowed
One young man more would make a crowd.

When seated on the verge of bliss,
Upon the margin of a kiss,
I've laughed to hear the door-bell pull:
"Is Miss Jones in?" "The parlor's full!"

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

THE AMATEUR HINDOO AND THE BASKET TRICK.



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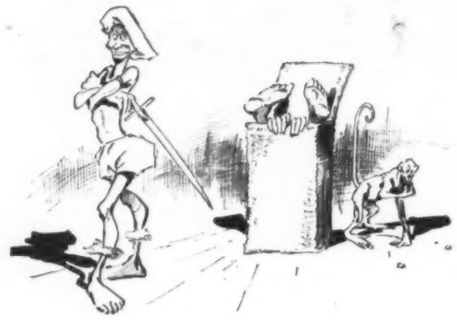

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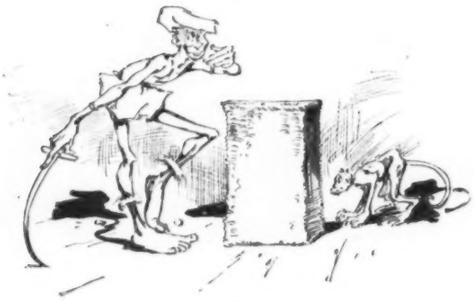

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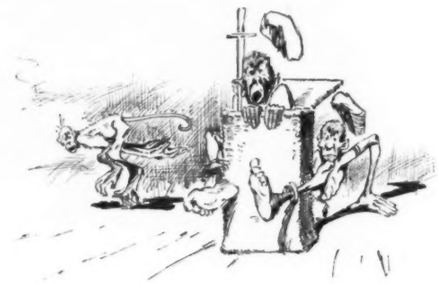

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what a splendid nose he has to talk Yankee through!

WEDDING CONGRATULATIONS in Indiana—"You will be very happy for some time. By the way, have you as yet begun to consider the means to divorce?"

GEORGE MOSS has left the Rochester *Union* to go into the railroad business, and accordingly presents the proverb, "A rolling stone gathers. —*George Moss.*"

AN EXCHANGE casually says somebody might make a pun on Major Popoff without injuring the human intellect; yet the club of indignation is apt to go to the weakest point.

THE SPIRITS of dead persons are never reliable except for questionable purposes. They gave Diss Debar a great deal of illegitimate money, but they cannot save her from state-prison.

MRS. GOODWIN, who resigns an office because there are no duties attached to it, has set an example to male office-holders which will not be followed with any great haste or unanimity.

MAX O'RELL took home with him $15,000 of American money, and is puzzled to know whether to exhaust himself in worship of his own smartness or in expressions of contempt for the people who celebrated it at that figure.

HUM OF THE COURT.

THE MEANEST MAN—The one who buys and drinks a glass of beer on Sunday and then arrests the barkeeper who sells it to him.

THE MAN who hesitates is the man who sits on his own coat-tails.

THIS CLIMATE sometimes has twenty-four hours without rain. Then it snows.

KYRLE BELLEW has been granted a divorce. Man wants a great deal here, Bellew.

CONCORD will have no school of philosophy this year, but it will submit to the absence with a philosophy worthy of all praise.

A MAN in Montana says he will shoot any other man for fifteen cents. We couldn't think of accepting this offer. That's too dirt cheap.

WILLIAM GORE, who was saved from death from the bite of a rattlesnake by whisky, says with fearless recklessness, "Fetch on your snakes."

"MAKE YOUR WIFE cry once a fortnight," says a doctor, "and she'll be healthy." Yes, exceedingly healthy; but the probability is that you won't.

IF IT IS TRUE, as alleged, that Henry Irving's accent is not as pure as it was, that means that it is a great deal better; and on the whole

THE WHIRLED OF DOGS.

MRS. OLIPHANT—"Is Raggles on the box, Michael? I thought I heard him bark."

MICHAEL—"He's not, ma'am. He got unaisy a shpell back, an' Oi put him aff fer a bit av a shpin. He'll soon catch up."

THE WOMAN of forty years who is caught must not parade her innocence. Wherever she may be at the moment of the discovery, she has frequently been there before. As the late Mr. Hatch would say, she is an old traveler, and there is dust on her shoes to show for it.

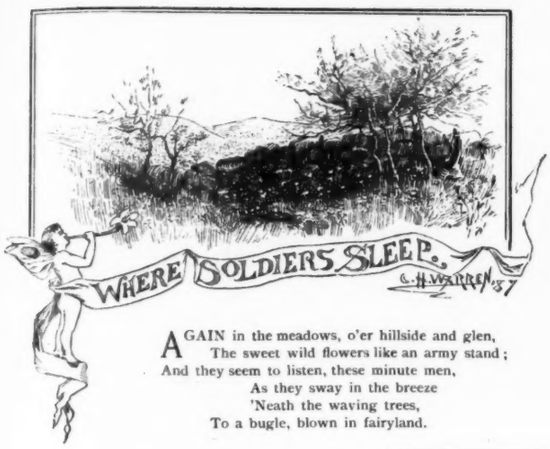
YOUR FRIEND GROVER weighs about 250 pounds; so that when he reposed on David the latter was so exhausted he couldn't offer the slightest protest.

A PAPER which has nothing to say about the tariff is what the Norristown *Herald* wants. Very well; what's the matter with Benjamin Franklin's yearly almanac?

"LITTLE CORINNE" told a New York reporter the other day, "I have been on the stage ever since I was three years old, and I am going on fourteen now." What! all at one time?

THE STORY goes that a Kentuckian courted a girl three years and never noticed the size of her feet. In the whole course of our existence we never before heard such an enormous lie as that.

THE CROWN PRINCE of Germany is deaf; but Bismarck hears for him, as he thought for his grandfather and thinks for the suffering emperor, as he loves for the crown princess, and as he quaffs and dreams for all the lesser Hohenzollerns.



AGAIN in the meadows, o'er hillside and glen,
The sweet wild flowers like an army stand;
And they seem to listen, these minute men,
As they sway in the breeze
'Neath the waving trees,
To a bugle, blown in fairyland.

This morn, when the fair encampment woke,
Each flower bent low its tiny head
In grave salute; for the elfin note
Whispered of those
Whom in calm repose
We honor as the nation's dead.

Bring wreaths from the wildwood shadows deep,
Fresh gifts from the upland's sunny ways;
For they guard the graves where soldiers sleep,
In sun and storm,
Evening and morn,
Through all the summer days.

And beneath the flowers' fair repose,
In their fragrant hearts they are glad to-day
That the southern lily, the northern rose
Will mingle their bloom
To brighten the tomb,
Alike of the blue and the gray.

New York, May 30, 1888. C. HILLS WARREN.

SWEET CHARITY.

Tramp (to western farmer)—"Please, mister, can't y' help a poor feller to get out o' the county?"

Farmer (kindly)—"Yes; I reckon I can lend ye a halter, if you'll promise not to hang yerself on this farm."

THE ARMY OH!

Mr. Taxpayer (to U. S. officer)—"Captain, it is the impression among the people that the army absorbs a good deal of whisky, and that there were thirteen thousand two hundred and sixty-three* court martials during a single year, caused principally by this absorption. If this is so, how can you account for the statement that 'the discipline of the army is excellent?'"

TOUGH LUCK.

The wind having died out, the boys take a pleasant nap on a shady island.

Captain (arrogantly)—"Tut, tut, Mr. Taxpayer! the army is in excellent condition; and we do not allow whisky to pour over the epiglottis like a cataract, although we do sometimes get dry—nigh unto a drouth—which causes an absorbing case. The other day I had my battery whitewashing the barracks, and in order to improve the whitewash I had four gallons of whisky poured secretly into it. A big day's work was accomplished; but late in the evening it was noised around that the whitewash was 'boosed,' and by reveille the next morning the soldiers had the whitewash all licked off of the barracks."

Mr. Taxpayer (sarcastically)—"Captain, don't you think that if the hostile Indians were covered with 'boosed' whitewash the army would *then* be able to *lick* 'em?"

Fort Canby, W. T. * Sec. War Re., '84.

The saying is, "The good die young."
Now, I've been always good and steady,
And yet I'm sure I can't die young—
Because I am so old already.

NO DOUBT OF IT.

In school.

Teacher—"Supposing that eight of you should together have 48 apples, 32 peaches, 56 plums and 16 melons, what would each of you have?"

Pupils (in chorus)—"The stomach-ache."

CLUB MANNERS.

Good club friends.

"I say, B., shall you be going to Brown's wedding to-morrow?"

"Wedding? No; hang him! If it were his funeral I might think about it."

A DESPERATE CASE REQUIRES A DESPERATE REMEDY.

Dr. Humpeth—"You took one of those pills I left?"

Patient—"Yes; I made a mistake and took two."

Dr. H.—"Two of those pills at once! Good heavens! How could you be so careless?"

Patient (beginning to look sick)—"I-I don't know. W-What were they made of?"

Dr. H.—"Medicated bread-crumbs—half a grain of salt to an ounce of crumbs. Someone fetch a stomach-pump, quick."

PARADISE.

Joy for a simple apple given!
Adam, had not that wish been thine,
In place of this dull life we're living
In Eden bowers we'd now recline.

Yet, had the *grape* as test been given
To tempt thee, Adam, as before,
How then? You'd still have lost you heaven,
And Eden's garden been no more.

TOO RAW.

Brown, who is a bit of a braggart, was once out hunting in the Rockies with a friend whom he wished to impress with the idea that he (Brown) was a second Nimrod.

"Now," went on the mighty hunter, "how I do like bear's meat, broiled—not too well done, you know."

Just then a turn in the road brought them in sight of a magnificent grizzly seated on a rock.

"Oh! that's not my style," shouted poor Brown, taking to his heels; "he's not well enough cooked!"

They wake up at flood-tide and see their boat floating out to sea in a gentle breeze.

Where spooning is bliss 'tis folly to get married.

JUDGE'S PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE CLUB TOADY.

OF sunny and beautiful mornings he ambles his bachelor way with nothing to trouble his conscience, with nothing to do or to say. He quivers his stick at a sparrow that hops on the cobbles, and smiles at the futile attempts of a gamin to trap it by juvenile wiles. He's a cheery, benevolent word for the maid in the ribbons of blue; for though he is fifty his fancy will tenderly wander askew, like black-letter monks in the days of which Master Ingoldsby tells, whose dinners at times were not finny, whose drink wasn't taken from wells.

There's a story deep hid in his heart; for when he has fallen asleep, with a handkerchief over his face (he snores most uncommonly deep), he murmurs of hearts and of lips, of cheeks and of hair and of eyes with groans that would tickle a widow and cause her delicious surprise. He knows every scandal in town and details unheard by the world; he knows the hairdresser who keeps young Crisparkle scented and curled; he's at fingers'-end news of the ring, the boards and the dice and the wine, and echoes the thoughts of the press with an air of possession divine. His figure erect is a sight to behold in the rooms of his club, where he bows to the governor's set and scowls at a mincing young cub. Every night in the year he appears in immaculate sable and white, to puff at a fragrant cigar and vacantly stare at the light ere he makes his respectable bow in a drawing-room crowded with guests, or saunters in peace to his rooms and quietly, listlessly rests.

Not much of a life at its best. But then he's respected as good, while dowagers vow he adorns the ranks of the bachelorhood; and while his philosophy leads at times to disgrace and to tears, he keeps every trouble within and gleefully laughs at your fears. He is nearing the end of the play and mourns his conventional life, and like a young plodder at school he longs for the noise and the strife. With infinite pleasure his eyes grow dim as he thinks of the strain that opened his drama of life, and wants it done over again. But the curtain will fall and the lights go out in the usual way, and leave him alone in the darkness that follows the end of the play.

DEWITT STERRY.

MINUS THE BEST PART OF THE SHOW.

Signor Finkelletti has just finished a beautiful zither solo in the conservatory.
LITTLE DESMOND—"Can I open that case?"
SIGNOR FINKELLETTI—"Certainly; eet ees empty."
LITTLE DESMOND (*disappointedly*)—"Why, where's the monkey?"

THE CROOK AND THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

OPERATOR (*at police headquarters*)—"Now, just as you are for a second, and we'll have your phiz cold."

CROOK (*elastic-skin man from dime muzeum*)—"Not while I'm fixed dis way, Cull!"

AN ENGINEER'S INSTINCT.

Blowitt had been telling his friends an improbable and extravagant story. As it even out-blew Blowitt's usual yarns, the crowd sat in a state of dumb electro-magnetic petrefaction, when Von Baboony ejaculated:

"Look out for your silk hat, Blowitt!"

"What's the matter?" asked Blowitt, hastily removing the glistening head-piece.

"Oh, it's all right now," replied the other; "while you had it on I was afraid the imprisoned vapors might blow out the cylinder-head."

ANOTHER WAY OF PUTTING IT.

One day, after a dinner-party at the house of Emile Augier, the French dramatist, the conversation had taken rather a philosophic tone.

"Alas," said some one, "that we cannot be always young!"

"Rather let us regret," returned the host, who was himself getting along in years, "that we cannot always remain old."

DISAPPOINTMENT.

I met her in the giddy whirl,
She struck me as a pretty girl;
And now I've made her mine for life
She strikes me as an angry wife.

WRONG END FOREMOST.

A child of five espies on Broadway a small dog wearing an enormous muzzle.

"See, nurse; he's got his bustle put on the wrong way."

REPARTEE.

"Aw," said Milkum, as he met his friend Von Baboony on Madison-square; "are you mad, me deah boy? How dare you come out in that soft hat?"

"Soft hat!" responded Von Baboony, flushing purple with anger (which left no blood below his collar-bone). "Haven't I as much wight to weah this soft hat on my head as you have to weah a soft head undaw your dawby?"

THE LION AND THE FOX.

A THIEVING FOX who had grown fat off the proceeds of his crookedness was one day summoned before his King, the Lion.

"I am convinced that there is a ring of you," said the Lion, "and I am determined to root you out."

Through the Fox's testimony several of his confederates were convicted and punished, and at last his own turn came.

"O, King!" he said, "your own august lips have said that no one should speak to criminate himself, and that the testimony I have given could not be used against me."

The Lion paused in deep thought. "My merciful words," he said, "were not spoken for the benefit of such as you. But go in peace. My word is sacred."

Law is not always justice.

WASN'T BOTHERED BY BUSINESS.

Wife—"What worries you to-night, dear? You seem nervous."

Husband—"Oh, nothing. I guess it will pass off."

Wife—"Does your business prey upon your mind?"

Husband—"Yes, indeed. I can't for the life of me figure out whether the New Yorks will win to-morrow or not."

CLEVELAND.

After one term he'd go one better—
Seek nomination No. 2;
Were a nomination like a letter
Perhaps his frank could put it through.

A SAVAGE ENQUIRY.

CARRINGTON (*trying to make an impression on Mrs. Lectern*)—"I gave up smoking a long time ago. It's not only a bad habit, but an expensive one."

MRS. LECTERN (*making a discovery*)—"Why don't you take part of the money you've saved on tobacco and have your pocket mended, Mr. Carrington?"

OLD CHOCOLATE'S TARGET PRACTICE.

Patience am de lazy man's stock in trade.

A quar'lsome man shudn' grum'le at scars.

A lie am de same wudder yo' speak er act hit.

Death shows many hypocrites dat nebbah wah 'spected befo'.

Dar a'n't no sich t'ing ez bein' bawn foolish an' gittin' obah hit.

Ef yo' borrer'd a hoe las' summah yo' is all right; but ef yo' lent one, wha' is hit?

De po'er de title ob a man toe groun' de stoutah de fence he puts roun' hit.

Ef coats, pants an' ves's made a man, we might 'spec' wondahs f'om wax figgahs.

De man w'at has little money, an' dat seldom, laiks toe chink hit so dat oddahs may heah.

De apple dat yo' pick offen yo' own tree tas'es bettah en' de orange dat comes a-many miles.

Some say dat dis'onesty an' deceit berlong toe man alone; but de cat steals yo' meat w'en she knows bettah, de mule kicks yo' w'en an' wha' yo' leas' 'spec' hit, an' dar er no picture ob schemin' villainy an' suffahin' innocence in human hist'ry dat speaks out laik de 'sperunce ob de spidah an' de fly.

J. A. WALDRON.

TOO FULL FOR UTTERANCE.

At a lecture by the celebrated B.

"How full he is of his subject," remarked a listener.

"True," was the criticism of another; "but how slow he is in emptying himself."

HIS NEW REMEDY.

MAGGINLEY—"It's a phorous phlaster th' docther phrescrobe f' me, Katie. It wud be a shame t' shpoil me new coat wid it, so Oi comphrimised be puttin' it an me vist."

QUITE ANOTHER MATTER.

Two friends meet after a long interval.

"By the way, you know that poor C. is dead?"

"Good heavens! You don't say so. How shocking!"

"Why, you are behind the lighthouse; he left us over six months ago."

"Six months! Oh! that alters it."

NO LONGER IN SIGHT.

There was a vain man named Badeau,
And to humbug the Grants he did geau;
But they heard of his game
And they laughed at his claim,
And now he's forgotten, you kneau.

"THE CHILD IS FATHER OF THE EDITOR."

H. U. Merist—"I'm very sorry indeed, sir, that you have hurt your thumb. I'll never pin my paragraphs together that way again."

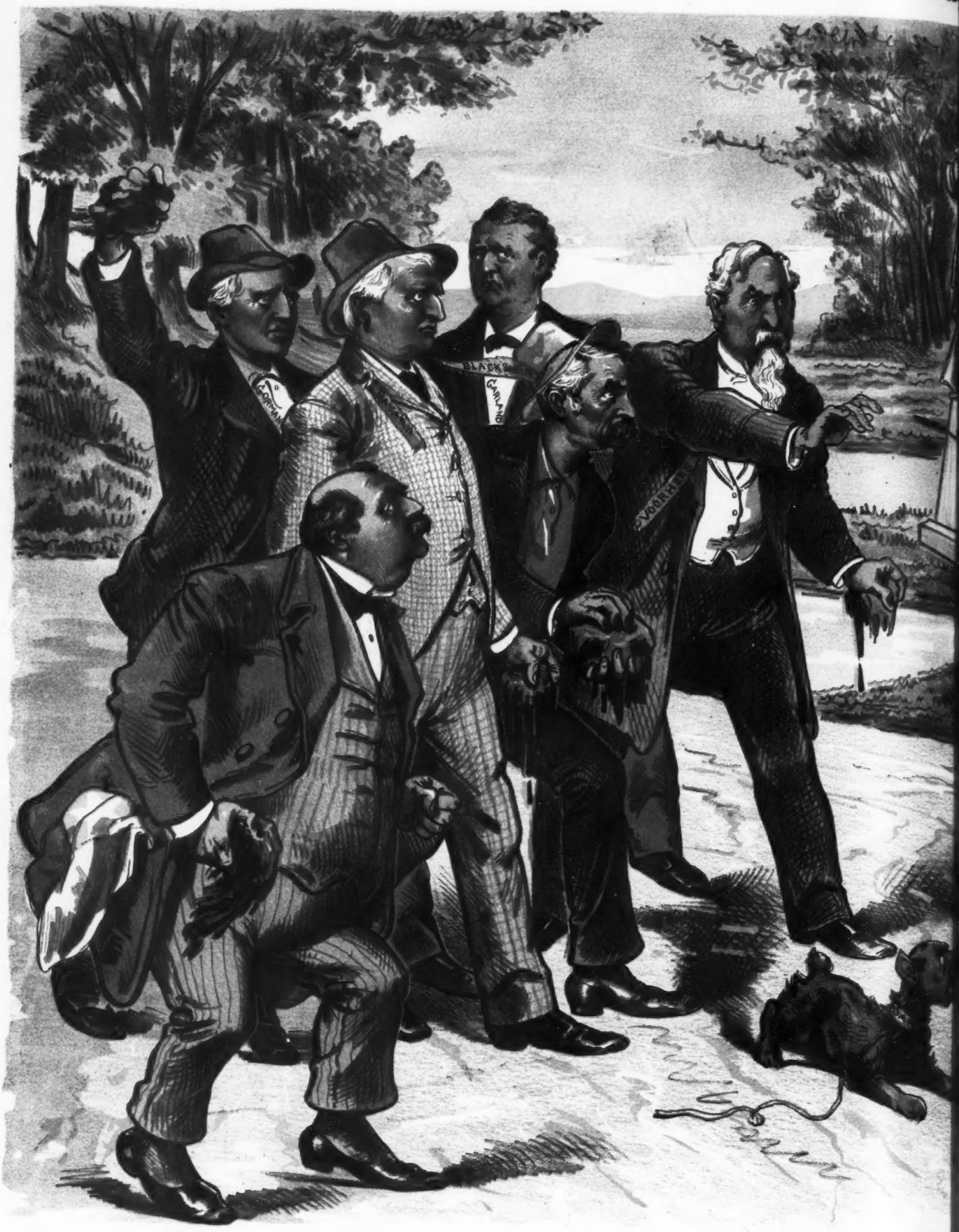
K. R. Ittic—"Don't fret about it—there's no harm done. When a mere boy I often had my fingers pricked by a chestnut-burr."

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

"Hi, waiter! Is this dish of roast chicken for two persons or one?"

"Nein!"

"Nine! Good Lord, it's too much for one, but I'd like to see nine people make a meal of it!"



MUD-SLINGER

SACKETT & WILHELMS LITHO. CO. N.Y.

THE INDIAN.

THE KORPUSCLE LECTURES.

THE Veterinary and Polytechnic Institute is beautifully situated on the Erie canal between Syracuse and a point equally distant in another direction. Being thus centrally located and on the berm bank of the canal, where rural scenery is mingled with maritime pictures, and four hundred miles of bath room passes the door at the expense of a kindly and paternal government, the institute from the word go has clambered along at the head of the procession. A kindly but injudicious patron of the school had died and left $50,000, the interest of which was to maintain a course of lectures each year for the benefit of the students. These lectures were to be delivered by a leading man of the age, and on scientific subjects. Prof. Korpuscle and myself decided that the lecture fund was a good thing and should be kept in the family. Myself and Korpuscle are the faculty of the school, and we decided that Korpuscle was a leading man of the age. His lecture on the social communist and the common socialist was a gem of its kind, and we unanimously voted that he should deliver the course one year and capture the appropriation, and I should absorb the dowry the next year. We have been unanimous ever since, with the exception of scattering votes between us about Christmas and New Year's, when too much brandy gets into the mince pie. Korpuscle likes to attack a great big national question with the long box and sideboards on. His first lecture was on "Composite Man." "Young men, these lectures are to occupy three quarters of an hour and the front room of the museum each week. Absorb them into your system, permeate yourself with great facts, and inflate your soft and gradually expanding heads with ideas. I have seen the head of that young man with lop ears from Tonawanda gradually expand in the last week. The American citizen is a composite man. You have seen composite pictures containing every distinctive feature of a dozen persons put into one photograph. What do you now behold in this chart?"

JOHN BULL.

A GERMAN.

Young man from Yonkers wakes up and says: "That's one of the six-horse drivers with a wild west show."

AN IRISHMAN.

"You are very near the truth. That is an Indian, the aboriginal owner of the soil. He is the type of man this climate produces in a wild state. Only a few specimens are left on the continent. Some sadly roam around the world with wild west shows, looking savage, dancing war-dances, and smelling like a morocco tannery in a cyclone. Fine cut wooden figures of the Indian remain in front of stores where fine-cut is sold. What few descendants are left of the noble red man are scalping tickets along the lines of railroad. What do you next behold on the chart?

"No, young man, that is not Barrett playing *Richard Third*. That is an ancestor of Boston. That is a Plymouth-rocker. Not a new kind of easy-chair, though he has been sat down on heavy by the rest of the United States beyond Hyde Park and Brookline. The Puritan was the next impression on the negative after the Indian, and he went after the Indian with a sharp stick. Let your flashing orbs rest on this.

"Yes, children, this is an Englishman as he appeared two hundred years ago. His food and his out-door life made him a fine type of man. In fact, a big, broad-faced type, and he almost sprang from a capital fount. We will take an impression of him over the other two. Yes; I see you all recognize the next figure on the chart.

"Wherever the pretzel with its delicate curves has improved art or the order of sweitzer kase has penetrated or lager has filtered, the German has left his impress on society or whatever he has sat down upon. His beer and his attributes have entered largely into the American character. The next is a well-known picture.

"How largely this figure has entered into the composite man can be discovered at the Register's office in New York city. It is away up into the millions. His heart is as light as his own Cork, and his humor has as many twists in it as his own Dublin. In governing his native land he has failed often, but in governing American cities he is a shining success. Cheated out of his vote at home, he is here a pertinacious and indefatigable voter. He has been the sweetest poet, the bravest warrior, and the greatest statesman in the world, but always away from home. He is the cuckoo's egg in the nests of the world, but he always hatches and sings his native note when he comes out of the shell.

ONE OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

'You may break, you may shatter his head
if you will,
But the trace of the Mickey is over us still.'

When he dies he will look for a policeman's badge on St. Peter and object to heaven if there is any rent to pay. Take this fifth impression over the others and you have the composite man.

"Observe! the long legs and high cheek-bone have given us the bank cashier, with his supple limbs and infinite cheek, on his way to Montreal. The bow, the sword, the shillelah have developed the big cane. The German mysticism and Irish imagination have developed the Boston realistic novelist and the drummer for millinery goods. Is the composite American to realize Darwin's perfection of species or revert to the primitive type? Who knows? Let that youth from Utica stop practising with that mustard-box cover in order to hold an eyeglass, and that slim from Buffalo stop wearing stays and gaze upon this outcome of science. We are on the eve of great things, and if we are not careful we shall slip off into the back yard. Janitor, kick over that bench where those four young men are asleep, and let the whole class carry in wood until supper-time. The physical must not not be sacrificed to the mental if we have to buy a buck-saw for each member of the class."

THE OLD PROFESSOR.

HER VERSION OF IT.

It is a difficult matter sometimes for certain peculiarly constituted people to repeat a joke correctly. In the performance of "Adonis" Mr. Dixey says, "Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast. That's why they put a brass band on a dog's neck." A Rochester woman heard this and enjoyed it heartily. On her return home she tried to tell her husband about it. "One of the brightest things in the whole performance," she remarked, "was this: Dixey came toward the footlights and said, 'Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast, and that's why they put a collar on a dog!'" And yet Mrs. Blank wondered why her husband didn't laugh.

If there were no fish there would be mighty little lying.

AN AMERICAN DUDE.

THE TYPE-WRITER GIRL.

The click of the keys, as her fingers fly,
And the ring of the silvery bell,
I hardly hear, though I sit quite near,
Enchained by her magic spell.

Her hands are as dimpled, and white, and soft
As a baby's tender fist.
Entrancingly fair is her soft brown hair,
By a lingering sunbeam kissed.

Oh, I love her so, with her bright young face,
And her winsome, witching way!
What bliss it would be, if she cared for me;
I would make her my wife to-day!

But my passion I never have dared to tell,
And my trouble may never come;
Just the look of surprise in her clear gray eyes
In an instant would strike me dumb.

So to her of my love I shall never speak,
'Twould be vain, I can clearly see—
Why, she gets sixteen dollars a week,
And what does she want of me?

—*Boston Courier.*

"James," said the undertaker, "it is about time to close the shop. Have you heard of any change in the condition of Mr. Simpson since noon?"

"No, sir," replied the boy, "except that they've just turned off the doctors and called in a Christian scientist."

"James," rejoined his employer, shaking his head gloomily, "we will keep the shop open half an hour longer."—*Chicago Tribune.*

GARDENING FOR LADIES.

Make up your *bed* early in the morning; *sew* buttons on your husband's shirt; do not *rake* up grievances; protect the *young and tender branches* of your family; plant smiles of good temper, and *reap* a crop of health and happiness; *root* out the causes of nervous debility and "female weakness" by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a sovereign specific, and thousands of the fair sex bless the day they first heard of it. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee*, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

To cleanse the stomach, liver, and system generally, use Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

Mazzantini, the noted Spanish bull fighter, is not only the best bull fighter in the world, but he is also a telegraph operator. H'm! If he had to fight some of his own bulls he'd get knocked out just as quickly as some of the people upon whom he turns them loose.—*Burdette.*

THE REPUBLICAN IF.

John Sherman is the statesman that Ohio wants to toot
As the presidential winner on the '88 route;
And John is mighty willing, for he likes that sort of fun;
He would grab it in a hurry, too—
If Blaine don't run!

There're Allison and Harrison, the darlings of two states;
Of Iowa and Hoosierdom, but each one hesitates;
He is waiting and he's willing to shoot the party gun,
But he'll only pull a trigger, sir,
If Blaine don't run!

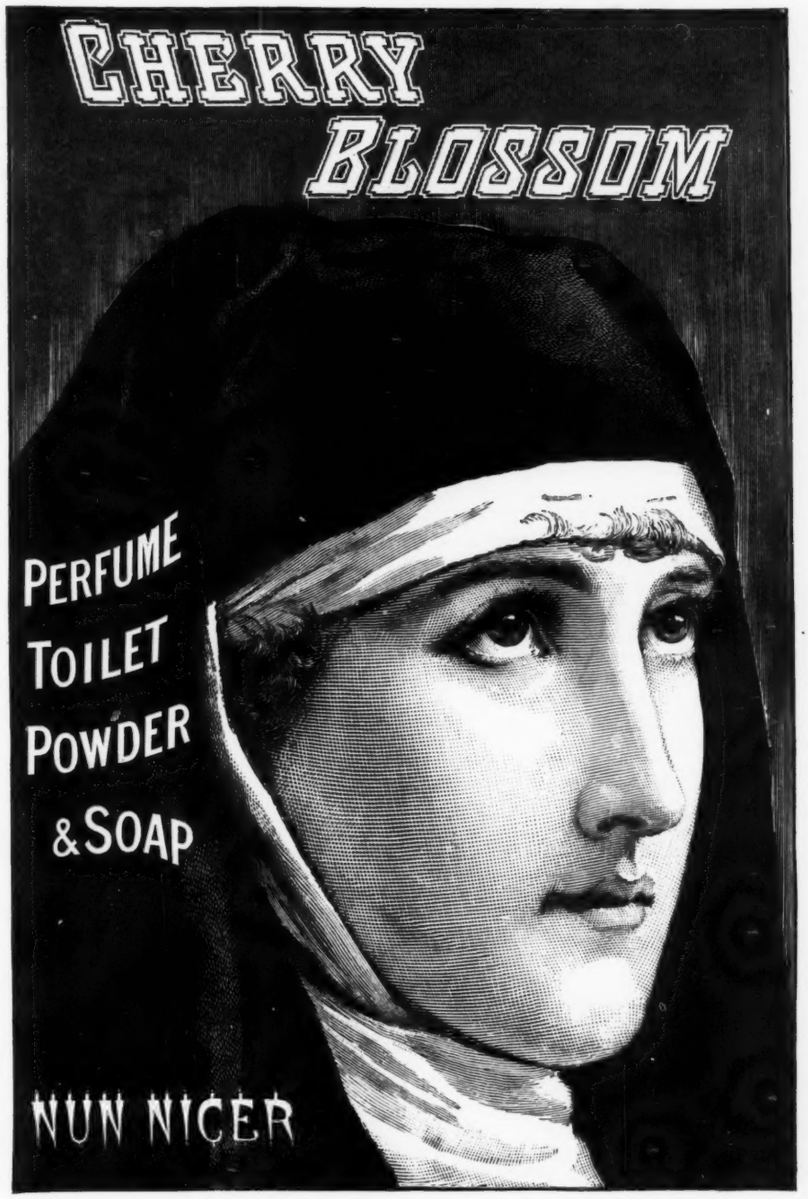
There is Evarts and there's Gresham, there is Cullom and Depew,
Each one a willing patriot to see the party through,
And to do such deeds of promise as no other man has done,
But only, fellow-citizens,
If Blaine don't run!

There is Stanford and there's Ingalls, the rich man and the poor,
They are waiting on the threshold, they are knocking at the door;
Each one is recommended; each is a "favorite son;"
They can only be persuaded to,
If Blaine don't run!

—*Washington Critic.*

A collection of songs for the working people is in press, under the title "Chants of Labor." The chance is that labor will continue to peg along at $2 a day until the next lockout, when it will stand around at nothing a week.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

GOLD. You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex; all ages. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.



IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.—Gosnell v. Durrant—On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs, restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from Infringing Messrs. John Gosnell and Co.'s Registered Trade Mark, CHERRY BLOSSOM

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Aids Digestion.
Cures Dyspepsia.
Strengthens the System.
Restores Sound, Refreshing Sleep.
Priceless to Nursing Mothers.

Recommended by Eminent Physicians

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

LUMBAGO.

Gen. F. B. SPINOLA, Member of Congress from New York City, writes:

"WESTMINSTER HOTEL,
"NEW YORK CITY, March 2d, 1887.

"It is a public duty I perform when I testify to the remarkable curative power of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. For several years I have been at times troubled with violent attacks of lumbago. They would last for several weeks at a time, and the pain would reach from the lumbar regions not only to my feet, but to my finger ends. Some months ago I had a most severe attack, and was confined to my bed, almost paralyzed. I felt much discouraged, and thought of recurring to electric shocks, when Senator Nelson sent me six ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. I immediately applied three—one over the kidneys, one on the small of my back, and one on my hip joint, where I had considerable sciatic pain. The effect was simply wonderful. In six hours I was able to sleep, the violent pain having mostly ceased. I continued to wear the Plasters for some days, when I felt I was almost entirely cured. I kept them on for nearly a month, as a matter of precaution."

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MEN'S OUTFITTER,
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CANDY Send $1.25, $2.10 or $3.50 for a retail box, by express, prepaid west of New York and east of Denver, of the best Candies in the World, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once. Address **C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago**

Habit, it seems, is stronger than nature itself in some things. The Pittsburgh *Penny Presss* says that men who used to go home drunk on Sundays before the saloons were all closed do the same now, although, of course, there is not a drop to drink.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

They have been burning Ingalls in effigy down in Tennessee. The ceremony was conducted by some of the same persons who fired on the American flag—and Ingalls is no better than the American flag.—*Norristown Herald.*

Smithville, Ga., has a mule 48 years old, and the animal is still engaged in business at the old stand. He has never been sick a day, never took a dose of medicine, and was the only mule for fifty miles around that Sherman's bummers didn't get hold of.—*M. Quad.*

ON THE VERANDAS.

From the St. Augustine News.

Evidently they were from New York.

* * * * * *

"Her figure, Jack! Lithe and graceful, and sir, did you ever get a good look into those fathomless eyes of hers? Yes? Well, you are braver than I am! I am honestly afraid to look into their dark depths; and such perfectly white teeth!"
"I suppose you know how she came by them?"
"Nature endowed her with them, of course."
"There's where you are wrong, my dear fellow!"
"You don't mean—you would not insinuate that——"
"Oh, no, sir; they are not store teeth."
"Then what do you mean?"
"They are simply polished."
"Polished! How is it done—with a woolen rag and some sort of paste or powder?"
"Simply with a little brush invented by a Dr. Horsey of Utica, N. Y.—The 'Ideal Felt Tooth Polisher.'"
"By George! Do you know I *wondered*——"
As everybody wonders till they learn for themselves the polish, beauty, and benefit imparted to the teeth by using the

Which, after a moment's soaking in water, acts as described by Dr. Flickinger, a prominent dentist of St. Louis, "as a thorough cleanser and efficacious absorber of the acids and accumulations on and around the teeth."
18 Polishers, boxed, 25 cents. Imperishable Holder, 25 cents. Dealers or mailed. Horsey Manufacturing Co., Utica, N. Y.

An astronomer has discovered that the planet Mars is belted by great canals about 2,000 miles long and nearly as wide as the strait of Dover. We feel sorry for the Mars legislature.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

The Blaine picture is an excellent piece of work in colors, and shows the distinguished subject with full features, flashing eye, good color, and sturdy bearing. President Arkell deserves congratulations for his success in his plan, and on the further fact that the edition of the current number of the JUDGE will reach nearly 250,000 copies.—*Utica Herald.*

There are laws against using profane language by telephone in all states except Connecticut. It is expected that a Nutmegger will swear under any circumstances when boiling over. They used to put their heads into an empty barrel and speak their pieces.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"The cry is still, they come!" said Macbeth just previous to his getting knocked out by the noble Macduff. And at Sohmer & Co.'s Piano Warerooms, 149–155 E. 14th street, the cry is, still come the orders, for their popular instruments, that are sent over all the land and sea, to gladden happy homes with their melodious notes and refining influences. The Sohmer is an adjunct of civilization, and plays an important part in the history of the world's best interests.

Republican clubs are now forming all over the State. That world-famous cartoon paper, the JUDGE, should be one of the first publications secured. Its value as an educator cannot be over-estimated. — *Arlington (Mass.) Advocate.*

It is with great satisfaction we learn that JUDGE, the Republican comic weekly, has distanced the mugmump *Puck* in circulation and prosperity. It is a brilliant example of the success, and, we hope to chronicle it, the survival of the fittest.—*Portsmouth (N. H.) Journal.*

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PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS RESTORE THE HEARING, and perform the work of the natural drums in all cases where the auditory nerves are not paralyzed. Have proved successful in many cases pronounced incurable. Always in position, **but invisible to others and comfortable to wear.** All conversation, music, even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Write to F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, cor. 14th St. N. Y., for illustrated book of proofs FREE.

SCOTT'S EMULSION of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is a combination of two of the most valuable remedies in existence for the cure of Consumption and all Wasting Conditions; is more generally recommended and used by Physicians than any known remedy; it gives most satisfactory results, and tones up the system; and when the Consumptive has wasted away and loses hope, the Emulsion will speedily check the ravages of this terrible disease, and restore the sufferer to good health and happiness. This is equally true in regard to Rickets in Children, or Marasmus and Anæmia in Adults, and all impoverished conditions of the blood; and especially desirable for Colds and Chronic Coughs, as it will cure them more quickly than ordinary Specifics used. Palatable as milk.

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YOU WILL SAVE MONEY, Time, Pain, Trouble, and will CURE
CATARRH
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Ely's Cream Balm.
Apply Balm into each nostril.
ELY BROS., 235 Greenwich St., N. Y.

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GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
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Monte Cristo Whisky. The best produced. 75 cents and $1 per bottle. Sent in cases of six and twelve bottles.
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PERUVIAN BARK, IRON,
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and RETARDED CONVALESCENCE,
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Buy no more Ready-made Clothing. Send for samples, light or heavy weight, make your own selection, take your measure by our simple rules, and order a pair of our **Celebrated $3 Custom-Made Pants**, or finer goods if you desire.

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Measuring for Pants and Full Suits.

VESTS, $2.25. COATS, $8.00.
SUITS, $13.25 to $30.00.

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BAY STATE PANTS CO., Custom Clothiers,
34 Hawley Street, Boston, Mass.

Pears' Soap
Fair white hands.
Bright clear complexion
Soft healthful skin.

THE JUDGE AND HIS YOUNG FOLKS.

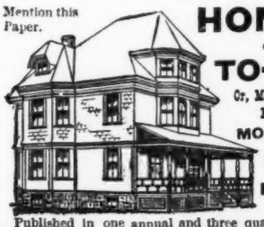
What Mr. George W. Childs Thinks of Them.

The JUDGE, that brilliantly edited and illustrated comic journal, is one of the notable successes of New York journalism, which, under the management of W. J. Arkell, Esq., President of the Publishing Company, has achieved an international reputation, not only as an artistic and literary, but as a political force. Its growth in popular favor has kept step with its growth in excellence, and it has now arrived at that advanced stage of prosperity when its spacious quarters in the Potter building are too cribbed, cabin'd and confined to accommodate its large staff of artists and editors. Consequently, its publishers have purchased a generous lot on Fifth avenue, upon which they are about to erect a building of magnificent proportions for its use. Appreciating the JUDGE'S popularity among those of mature growth, the company determined a little while ago to publish, in conjunction with it, the JUDGE'S YOUNG FOLKS, a journal wholly unique in that it is the only juvenile published the chief illustrations of which are printed in colors. The first number of this paper has appeared, and it more than justifies all the promises made in its behalf by its promoters prior to its publication. It contains three richly colored cartoons, two of a single page each and another, full of spirit, covering a double page, entitled "The Tally-Ho." The JUDGE'S YOUNG FOLKS is not a comic journal, though its pages, which are all illustrated, and filled with matter most interesting to the young, are not without their frequent bright flashes of wit and humor. The entire tone of this new juvenile, which is to be issued monthly, is pure, sweet and moral, suggesting nothing that is not wholesome and good for youthful minds. It is evident from this first number that, while all innocently attractive and instructive matter is to find a place on the pages of the JUDGE'S YOUNG FOLKS, the highest standard of morality is to be maintained.

President Arkell, to whose wise judgment and good taste the success of the JUDGE is so largely due, is to be congratulated upon the fair prospect of the prosperity of the new juvenile. A journal for boys and girls of such general excellence cannot fail to be appreciated, and consequently to enjoy a large degree of public favor. To be the maker of two such admirable newspapers as the JUDGE and the JUDGE'S YOUNG FOLKS, as Mr. Arkell is, is to be one man picked out, not of ten thousand only, but of many times ten thousand.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

The phenomenal growth of JUDGE demonstrates not only that it has been worthy of success, but also that there is a keen appreciation among Republicans of the good work it has done in late years. It is now the most influential illustrated Republican paper printed in the United States.—*Albany Journal.*

Mention this Paper.



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ELASTIC SUSPENDER WITHOUT RUBBER.

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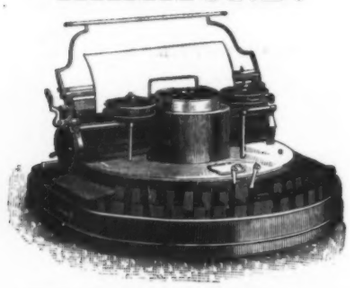

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Vhen you shtood yourself on der death ped of a pooty goot friend, you dhen peel der shkin your heart off, und look into dot pishness a leedle.

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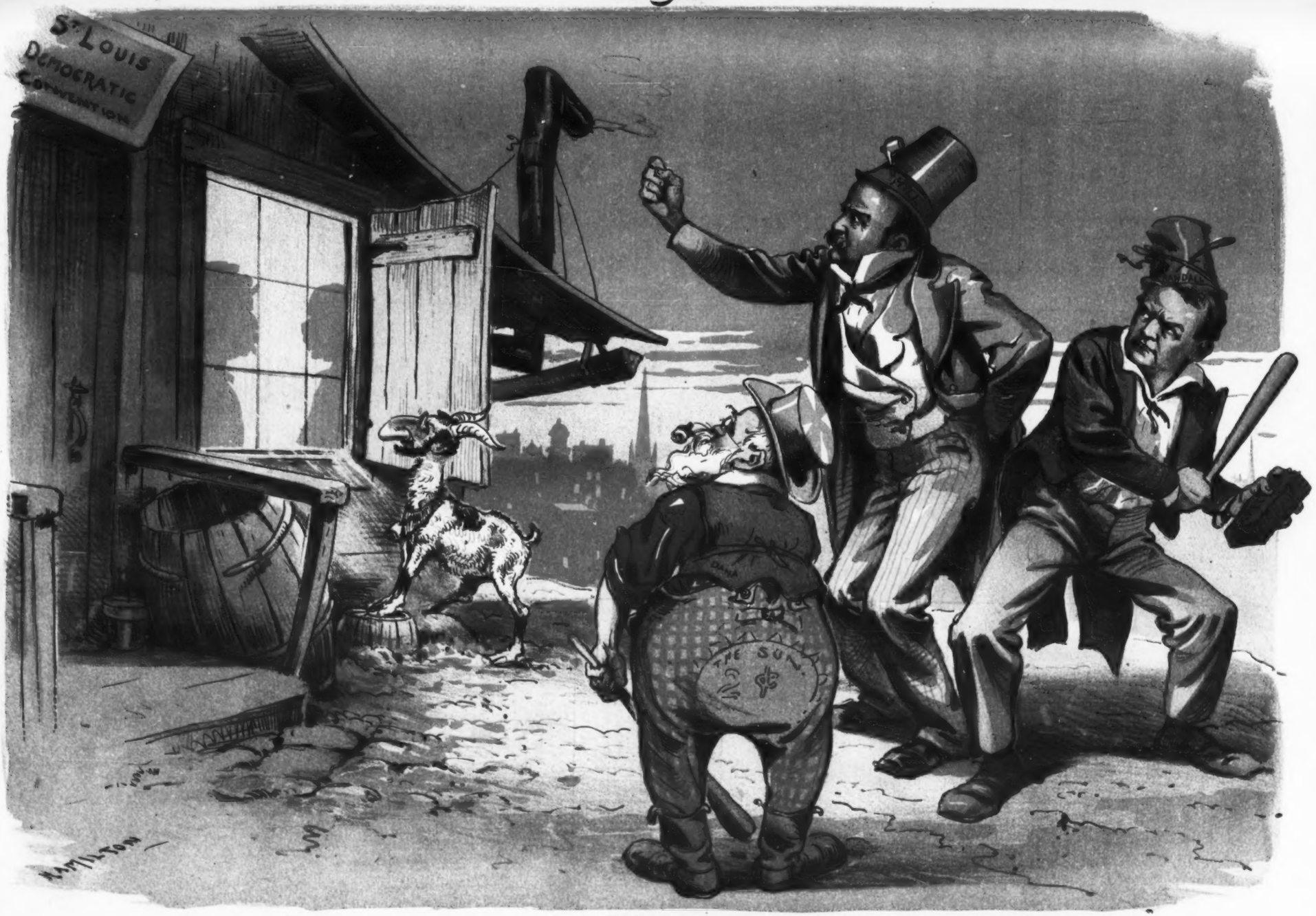

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